

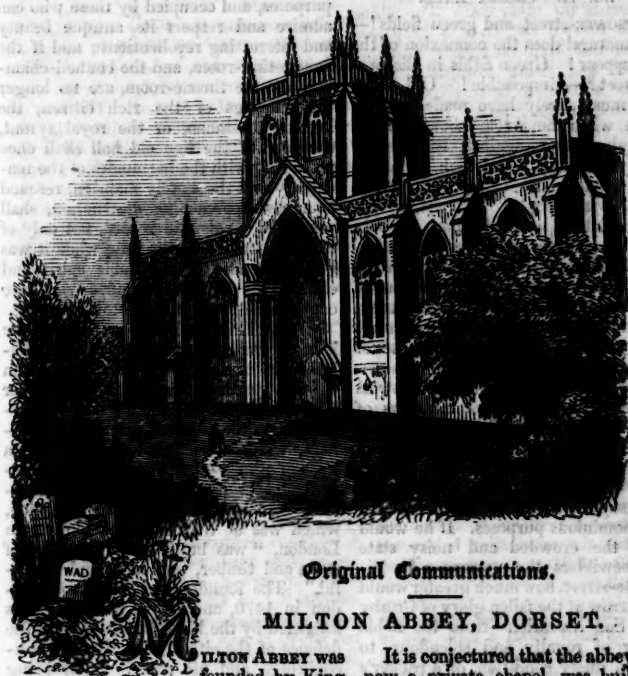
The Mirror

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

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Original Communications.

MILTON ABBEY, DORSET.

MILTON ABBEY was founded by King Athelstan towards the middle of the tenth century. In point of style it may be properly termed Gothic, for it is neither English, Grecian, nor Roman. The mansion forms four sides of a quadrangle; the apartments are numerous, and many of them are elegant in appearance, and decorated with paintings by ancient artists, the most admired of which are two heads by Raphael and Titian, a sea view by Claude, and the "Feeding of the Israelites" by Bassan. To the south of the house is a fine old room, called the Monk's Hall.

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It is conjectured that the abbey church, now a private chapel, was built in the reign of Edward the Second. The interior is kept remarkably clean, and in the chapel are a few ancient and fine monuments. On the south side of the altar are a holy-water basin and three stone seats, with ornamental canopies.

The following inscription caught our observation when passing through the north aisle:—

"Nos autem gloriari oportet in cruce
Dni nostri Jesu Christi.

"Here lyeth Sir John Tregonwell,
Knight, Doctor of the Civile Lawes, and
one of the Magisters of Chancery, who

[No. 1147.]

died the XIII day of January, in the yere of our Lord 1545. Of whose soul God have mercy."

The church underwent several important repairs by Mr. Wyatt, during which, however, a fine screen, ornamented with ancient paintings of kings, was unfortunately destroyed.

THE RELICS OF LONDON.

NO. VI.—CROSBY HALL.

BISHOPSGATE-street and green fields!—how unnatural does the connexion of the words appear! Green fields in Bishopsgate-street?—impossible! Old John Stowe must surely have made a great mistake when he wrote about "large fields lying over against Bishopsgate Churchyard," and "on which," he complains, "houses are being built, much pestered with people." Honest, quaint old chronicler! couldst thou be permitted but a single glance at the noisy, paved, bustling Bishopsgate-street of the present day, with its continuous line of houses, reaching—ay, as far as Hackney, how vehemently wouldst thou protest against this increased "great cause of infection."

Scarcely, however, could his sorrow at this encroachment on the meadows of "the suburbs" (to wit, Bishopsgate-street Without) equal the horror with which he would have witnessed the late perversion of one of the proudest mansions whose magnificence he records to the most ignominious purposes. If he would deplore the crowded and noisy state which bewilders the passenger in Bishopsgate-street, how much greater would be his sorrow at the fallen glory of Crosby Hall! Sad transition—from the noble dwelling of royalty and splendour, to the dirty, dusty condition, of a packer's warehouse! The old hall, which, in days gone by, rang with shouts of revelry and joy, has, for years, echoed only the sounds of business; the floors, on which the great, and the rich, and the learned, have so often trodden, have borne the weight of merchandise, and been concealed by the accumulated dust of the greater portion of a century; the fringe, the arras, and the drapery, have been torn ruthlessly away, to make room for the necessary accompaniments of trade; and the beautiful and the antique—the admiration of ages, and the wonder of generations—have given way to the use-

ful but inelegant tools of the packer and the warehouseman. But a change has again come over the history of Crosby Hall—the clouds which have obscured its magnificence so long have passed away, and the sun once more shines through its pointed windows and illumines its vaulted roof. The bales of merchandise have disappeared; and although much of its ancient magnificence is lost, it is now devoted to intellectual purposes, and occupied by those who can admire and respect its antique beauty and interesting recollections; and if the banqueting-room, and the council-chamber, and the throne-room, are no longer the lodgings of the rich citizen, the learned statesman, or the royal tyrant, the roof of the fine old hall shall once more ring with the harmonies of the madrigal—and the stately mansion, rescued from fast approaching destruction, shall yet stand, a splendid record, not only of the architecture of the time when it was built, but also of the noble spirit and classic taste of the gentlemen who have contributed towards its restoration.

Crosby Hall, or Place, or House,—for it has borne each and all of these appellations in its time,—was erected by John Crosby, grocer and woolman, in the year 1466, on the site of some tenements belonging to the adjacent priory of St. Helen's, which were granted to him on a lease of ninety-nine years, "for the annual rent," notes our minute old chronicler, "of 11*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*" This mansion, which was at that time the highest in London, "was built," adds Stowe, "of stone and timber, very large and beautiful." The founder was sheriff of London in 1470, and in the next year was knighted by the king, for assisting in the defence of the city against Thomas Fauconbridge and his troop. After being entrusted with an important embassy to the court of France, Sir John Crosby died, in 1475, having survived by but a few years the completion of his mansion. Who was the immediate successor of the knight in the occupation of Crosby Place, does not appear. Shakespeare, when he makes Gloucester appoint an interview with the Lady Anne "at Crosby Place," would lead one to believe that Richard was an inmate of the mansion at the time of his marriage; and Johnson, in his annotations on "King Richard III.," says that this was "a house near Bishopsgate-street, belonging to the Duke

of Gloucester." That he was a visitor there, a few years subsequent to this, is a well-ascertained fact. Sir Thomas More remarks, that "the protector kept his household at Crosby's Place in Bishopsgate-street;" and it was here that he held the council which encouraged him to pursue the ambitious schemes that he had in contemplation. The next tenant was Bartholomew Read, lord mayor in 1502, who made Crosby Place his mansion-house. Here it is supposed that he gave his inauguration dinner, which surpassed anything of the kind that had previously been known; and here, too, he entertained, in a princely style, the Marquis of Brandenburg and his suite, who were sent on an embassy of condolence from the German court to Henry VII. on the death of his queen and the young prince. From Sir John Rest, lord mayor in 1516, Sir Thomas More, the learned but unfortunate chancellor of Henry VIII., purchased Crosby Place, where he spent his leisure time in study, and frequently entertained the king himself. In 1523, More sold the mansion to Antonio Bonrice, an Italian merchant, one of his most faithful friends, who, in 1547, leased it to William Roper, the husband of More's favourite daughter, Margaret, and William Rastell, her cousin; but the rigour with which Edward VI. put the laws of proscription in force against the Roman Catholics, compelled the inmates of Crosby Place to seek an asylum on the Continent, and in their absence, the mansion and the whole of their estate was confiscated and transferred to Lord D'Arcy of Chule. The subsequent accession of Mary enabled Rastell and Roper to return, and once more take possession of the hall. It is worthy of remark, that Stowe, minute and accurate as he usually is in every particular, has in his account of Crosby Place entirely omitted all mention of the tenancy of the illustrious More and his family, although he has given a list of aldermen and merchants who were, at various times, its inmates. Probably the wary old chronicler had his reasons for thus passing in silence over so important a circumstance in the history of the hall; and a sanatory respect of "the powers that were" might have induced him to "forget" an event which had occurred within his own recollection, although he was enabled to remember circumstances of less importance and of earlier date. The next

tenant was one Peter Crowl, of whom little is known, and who was succeeded by Germaine Cioil, the husband of Sir Thomas Gresham's cousin. It was during the occupancy of Cioil that the princely Gresham, the noblest benefactor the city ever saw, paid frequent visits to the mansion. William Bond, alderman of London, was his successor, and was a considerable enlarger of the hall. Among other things, it is recorded of him that "he builded a high and fair turret, the like of which there was not," but of which not the slightest vestige is now left. Bond died in 1576, and Crosby Place appears then to have been used as an apartment for the special embassies of foreign courts, among which were those of Henry Ramelius, ambassador from the King of Denmark, and subsequently a minister from the King of France. In 1594, Sir John Spencer, generally known as "the rich Spencer," from the fact of his possessing almost a million sterling, purchased Crosby Hall, and used it as his mansion-house, during the year of his mayoralty. It was here that he entertained M. de Rosney, the ambassador of Henry IV. of France, who afterwards received the title of the Duke of Sully, and who describes Crosby Hall as "a very handsome house, situated in a great square." On the death of "the rich Spencer," his mansion fell into the hands of his only daughter and her husband, the Earl of Northampton; and during their tenancy, another interesting event was added to its history. This was, the residence, within its walls, of the Countess of Pembroke, Sir Philip Sydney's accomplished and affectionately-loved sister, who lived here for several years. The successor to the earl and his wife was their son Spencer, second Earl of Northampton, who enjoyed his magnificent mansion but four years, being killed at Hopton Heath in an encounter with the parliamentary army in 1642. Crosby Hall was then leased to Sir John Langham, sheriff of London, who converted it, as is supposed, into a prison for royalists. Sir Stephen Langham, son and heir of the last proprietor, next became the tenant of Crosby Place; and an alarming fire taking place during his occupancy, threatened the entire destruction of the noble edifice. A portion of it, however, — the hall, the council-chamber, and the throne-room, — was preserved; and on the site of that part which was destroyed

were erected, in 1677, some of the houses which still form Crosby Square. The hall, in 1672, was used as a meeting-house of the Presbyterians, and remained in their possession as late as the year 1768. It was afterwards leased to a packer, who occupied it until 1831; when, on the expiration of his lease, a committee of gentlemen was formed, to restore what was left of this beautiful mansion to its former state. On the 27th June, 1836, the first stone of the restoration was laid by the lord mayor, who presided at a good old English breakfast in the hall. The banners which streamed from the walls on this occasion—the rushes with which the floor was covered—and, though last, not least, the glorious baron of beef which formed the centre dish of the table—enabled the visitor to form some idea of the appearance of the mansion in the olden time, and to picture—faintly, it may be—the ancient magnificence of the lofty hall. The restorations were completed last summer; and in July, a literary society, removed from Salvador House, took possession of Crosby Hall. And long, long may it remain in such good hands!—long may it be preserved from destruction, and, above all, from the possession of a packer; for it was during the last tenancy that it received the most serious injury.

Turning from Bishopsgate Street, through the low archway which leads into Crosby Square, the wall of the fine old mansion is the first object which we encounter. Directly opposite to us is the hall, with its half-dozen windows; on the left is the council-chamber, and above it, the throne-room, each having two windows. In the angle formed by the walls of the hall and the council-chamber is a lofty window, reaching from the ground almost to the roof, which has been repaired and embellished. The interior of the council-chamber—the first apartment which we enter—principally consists of modern decorations, which it is not the purpose of the present article to describe. From this room is the entrance into the great hall. The principal objects which here strike the eye are, the antique and beautiful roof, the richly-ornamented window, the exterior of which has been already noticed, and the minstrels' gallery at the extreme end. The spacious, lofty, and elaborately-worked roof is a splendid specimen

of the style of the period when it was built. In the centre is an aperture, formed, as is generally supposed, to allow the free escape of the smoke; but some antiquaries have imagined, from the fact of there being an old-fashioned chimney and fireplace, nearly facing the grand oriel window, that this louvre was intended for some other purpose. The fireplace is within a pointed arch of great breadth, similar to one in the council-chamber. It is, however, most probable that these chimney-pieces are the work of some more recent period. The grand window of the hall, which has been before alluded to, is upwards of ten feet in width, and about forty high. The summit is ornamented with beautifully-carved foliage, among which is placed the crest of Sir John Crosby—a ram. The minstrels' gallery stands at the southern end of the hall; but its decorations and embellishments are entirely modern. This spacious apartment, which is about fifty-five feet long, twenty-five wide, and forty high, is completely paved with small square stones, arranged diagonally, and remains much in its pristine state. By a flight of stairs, access is obtained to the throne-room, situated above the council-chamber, and of which the splendid ceiling, with its ornaments of oak, is the principal object of attraction.

And this is all that now remains of the once stately mansion of Crosby Hall! There are other ornaments and decorations, it is true—but these, being of modern erection, do not fall under the designation of relics, and consequently, however worthy of notice, cannot, with propriety, be enumerated in the present article. The council-chamber, the hall, the throne-room, and a small antechamber, are the only remains of the ancient edifice, and therefore the only portions which can be included in a notice of the "Relics of London."

ALEX. ANDREWS.

THE WEAVER'S DAUGHTER.

ON the first of November last I arrived in Glasgow. I had been ten years absent, the greater portion of which time I had spent in a foreign land. Those feelings which naturally lay siege to the heart on visiting spots endeared by childhood—spots, the seats of boyish frolics, of schoolboy fights,—rent the oblivious cur-

tain which had for some time shrouded my memory, and every turning, every corner, described, more powerfully than words, an eventful circumstance of my younger years.

"Where are now my old school-fellows?" I inwardly asked. Such a one lived in this street—my rival in mischief in that one. I called at the houses where several had resided, but could receive no intelligence, save that — had left a short time back for Paisley, and that most probably he was still there, as he had inherited several houses by the decease of his grandfather, whose property was in that place.

Buoyed up with the hope of seeing an old associate, I secured all the information that could be obtained, joggled cheerfully along the Trongate, traversed the "Broomielaw Brig," looked contemptuously on the railway carriages that transported the "seven-mile traveller" for threepence, and determined to conform to my old habit of walking to the "town of sestus."

How changed the road! I proceeded on my way for nearly an hour, without meeting a foot passenger. The twilight was fast approaching when I reached the well-known half-way house. A dismal gloom hung over that once joyous dwelling: it, like the times, had materially changed.

Dreading neither highwayman nor warlock, I continued my route, when suddenly I heard a strange, splashing sound. I stopped, and looked round, but the night had become so dark that it prevented me from discerning an object at three yards' distance. The sound, which did not resemble the footsteps of a human being, was rapidly approaching. I faced about, grasped my stick, and after waiting a few minutes in awe and curiosity, guess my surprise, when a poor girl, about thirteen years of age, barefooted, bare-headed, half running, made her appearance.

"Well, girl," I said, while my heart bled for the half-naked creature, "are you not cold?—are you not afraid to be here in the dark?"

"No," she said, "I'm no feared nor cold; but my mother——"

"Is she behind?"

"No; but she is alone, and she expected me home at two o'clock."

At that time we came in sight of a small public-house, and judging (influenced a little by curiosity to hear the

child's story) that she was cold, probably hungry, I told her I was going to have a little refreshment, and that if she liked to come in for a few minutes, I would afterwards conduct her safely to Paisley. She consented, on my assuring her that I would only wait a few minutes.

On entering the house, I fixed my looks upon the open and amiable countenance of the poor child, whose fair hair hung in clusters down her almost naked shoulders, and whose bright blue eyes lighted up a face on which adversity had begun its destructive operations. I instantly ordered tea, which was promptly served up.

"What is your name, my dear?" I said, while handing her some bread.

"Jessy."

"Well, Jessy, your name is a favourite one of mine. You must now eat. We shall soon be in Paisley."

Jessy replied not; she gazed on the cup, then raised her little hand to wipe the tears which filled her eyes.

"What is the matter?" I said. "Are you ill? Come, there's a good little girl, tell me. You must know I am almost a townsman of yours, and feel interested with everything that belongs to Paisley. Now, do tell me."

"I was thinking of my mother," the little girl said, sobbingly. "Oh! that she had this, instead of me—it would do her good, it would make her well!"

"So young, and yet so thoughtful!" I exclaimed, in surprise. "My good girl, take your tea; your mother shall have plenty to-night."

The countenance of poor Jessy brightened up; she fixed her eyes upon me—who could describe those eyes?—to them a grateful heart had found its way.

Jessy eat sparingly, after which I purchased a bonnet and a pair of shoes of the landlady, who had a daughter about Jessy's age. We continued our journey, during which my young companion, whose confidence I had gained, spoke familiarly with me, and answered freely the questions which I put to her. She had been sent by her widowed mother to an aunt, in Glasgow, who was rich, and from whom she was to borrow five shillings. On arriving at her house, the old lady was out, and the little girl waited anxiously till four o'clock without seeing her. Fearful lest her mother should imagine that something had happened to her, she decided, but with a sad heart, on

leaving, for she knew that her mother, who was ill, depended upon her procuring something for their sustenance. Such was the account which I gleaned from the young girl, and just as it was finished, we entered the new town of Paisley.

"Well, Jessy," I said, "are we far from your house?"

"No, not very far. We live at the Seedhill."

"We shall soon be there," I said, as we quickened our pace. You must lead the way now; I have almost forgotten every thing about Paisley."

Jessy did as I desired her. We went up one street, down another, till we came to Bridge-street, then, pointing to an obscure back house, she said, "This is our house; we live at the top."

"Go on, Jessy," I replied; "I will follow you."

As we ascended the stairs, a door opened, and "Is that you, Jessy?" was demanded by a female, in an anxious tone.

"Yes, mother," Jessy replied.

"Oh, what has kept you, my child! I thought—"

The poor woman, perceiving me, did not complete the sentence, but appeared embarrassed. In a few words I explained what had occurred. She thanked me for my kindness, then said that she was ashamed to receive a gentleman in her present abode. There was only a table and two stools in the room; and, although a cold evening in the middle of November, there was no fire. I felt sad at such an aspect of poverty—pulled out my purse—had much trouble in getting her to accept a sovereign—left—and afterwards learned that she was the widow of a man who was respected by all who knew him—an honest weaver, who, a few years ago, lived happily by the sweat of his brow, and whose death was hurried on by the want of labour, or rather, its consequence, the want of food to sustain those dear to him.

Before remaining a day in Paisley, I found out, unfortunately, that poverty had reached to an appalling height; that the state of business had rendered about one-third of the industrious inhabitants paupers; that not less than eleven thousand individuals were on the *supply*, receiving from the town the value of one penny per day. It is said that something has already been done in London for these poor people; but the inquirer who visits

Paisley will affirm that the contributions made to it, instead of alleviating the distress, are only calculated to prolong life, and to make each individual alive to his sufferings. The honest, the intelligent and independent weaver, once the pride of the place, is now a being of bygone days. The birthplace of Tannahill, of Professor Wilson, of Wilson the ornithologist, and of many other great men, is now becoming the birthplace of paupers. If work could be obtained, the inhabitants, so long characterized for their industry, would soon attain that which they look upon as essential to life—independence. It is to be sincerely trusted that Government will, at an early period, take their case into serious consideration.

Spirit of Foreign Literature.

A STORY OF VENDEE.

TOWARDS the latter part of April, in the year 1815, an unusual bustle was observed in an old castle situated on the banks of the Cèbron, within a few leagues of Parthenay. The proprietor of this mansion was an elderly lady, named Marguerite de —, whose husband was beheaded, in 1794, for his loyalty and devotion to the unfortunate Louis. After the death of her husband, Marguerite left the abode of her ancestors, with her infant son, to seek shelter in a foreign land; but before she could accomplish her purpose she was overtaken by a party of republicans, who, finding that she was the widow of a royalist, sent her to Nantes, where she was separated from her child and imprisoned. To add to her sufferings she was informed, after she had been a few days in prison, that her son had, along with several more royalist children, been drowned in the Loire, by the orders of Carrier, a man who was chosen on account of his stern and unrelenting cruelty to put down the royalists in the neighbourhood of Nantes. After six months' confinement, Marguerite effected her escape out of prison, and fled to England, where she remained until the emigrants were recalled by the first consul. She then returned to her native country, carrying along with her her niece, who was at that time only six years old, and took possession once more of her ancestral dwelling on the banks of the Cèbron, where she lived in a very retired manner until the restoration of the Bour-

bons in 1814, when the castle of Marguerite was thronged with the faithful subjects of Louis XVIII., who, in the exuberance of their loyalty, made the old roof ring, as in days of yore, with the shouts of *Vive le Roi*.

After this mark of respect to her rightful sovereign, Marguerite relapsed into her quiet mode of life. She was, however, not allowed to remain long in retirement. The following year the news of Napoleon's arrival in Paris, and of the departure of the Bourbons, caused the Vendéans to fly to arms in the hope of making a stand against the usurper. Their head quarters was fixed at the dwelling of Marguerite which circumstance occasioned the bustle spoken of at the commencement of our narrative.

A strong body of Napoleon's followers was at this time stationed at Parthenay under the command of a gallant young officer named Pierretrouvé. The history of this young man is most remarkable. He was drawn out of the Loire when he was about three years old by an old soldier, who saved him at the imminent risk of his own life, and afterwards adopted him. At the battle of Friedland he was made a drummer-boy and received a wound in the leg which compelled him to sit down; but he continued to beat the charge as coolly as if he had not been hurt. As Napoleon was passing in front of the army, he saw that the lad was wounded, and said to him—

"Go, child, and have your wounds looked to."

"Yes, sire," said the undaunted boy, "after we have gained the victory."

Napoleon desired one of his attendants to look to the lad, and passed on. Three months after, the drummer-boy was sent to a military school in Paris, and remained there until he was sixteen years old. He was then made an officer. At seventeen, he fought in Spain, and two years after, at Smolensk and Moskwa.

The following year he entered the young imperial guard, and distinguished himself by his courage and activity at Lutzen, Dresden, Montaurail, and Brienne. On the abdication of the emperor, he was deprived of his rank, and he retired to a small village not far from the castle of Marguerite. In his rambles through the neighbourhood, he often met that lady and her niece, Claire, and being struck with the beauty of the latter, was desirous of becoming acquainted

with them; but they, hearing that he was attached to the usurper, shunned all intercourse with him.

When Napoleon returned from Elba, Pierre was appointed to the command of the troops stationed at Parthenay. Hearing that the royalists had assembled in arms in great numbers at the castle of Marguerite, he went and dislodged them, and took the greater part of them prisoners. Marguerite and Claire fled in disguise to Parthenay, but on their arrival in that town, they were discovered and thrown into prison. About a week after the attack on the castle, Pierre returned to Parthenay; and in looking over the list of unfortunate beings whom the authorities had condemned to be executed, he found the names of Marguerite and Claire. The day appointed for their execution was the 23rd of June.

Early in the morning, on the day of execution, a brutal and excited mob was waiting near the prison to witness the dying agonies of those who were about to suffer. Pierre had tried to prevail on the authorities to spare the lives of the ladies, but finding that his efforts were unsuccessful, he determined to save them at the hazard of his life. Having procured a couple of dresses like those worn by the wives of the peasantry, he went to the prison accompanied by a small party of soldiers, whom he left at the prison door to prevent the mob from following him. When he entered the cell where the ladies were confined, they started back as if an adder had approached them. Pierre addressed them respectfully, and told them that instead of coming to harm them he had come to save them.

"Time presses," said he; "take these clothes and disguise yourselves, and I will conduct you to a secret passage which leads to the forest. It is your only hope now. I have tried every other means to save you."

"And what recompence do you expect for this service?" demanded Marguerite.

"My recompence," replied Pierre, "will consist in the satisfaction I shall feel in knowing that I have contributed to your safety."

"But," said Marguerite, "have you thought of the responsibility you incur, of the rigour of military law and of the fury of the people?"

"Madam," replied Pierre, "I place

the duty I owe to the Emperor before that which I owe to the people; but I think my honour more sacred than the oath that binds me to Napoleon. A soldier of the empire does not war with women; he dies rather than allow their blood to stain his uniform."

"Young man," interrupted Marguerite, "we cannot accept the aid offered to us by a soldier of the usurper. We would deem ourselves dishonoured by it. We appreciate your conduct, but it must not be. Leave us to die!"

"I entreat you, madam, to accept my offer, before it is too late."

He was interrupted by the loud execrations of the mob, who had beaten back the soldiers that he had stationed at the door of the prison, and were preparing to glut their vengeance in the blood of the royalists. Pierre rushed out of the cell, and exhorted the soldiers not to allow their misguided countrymen to perpetrate so foul an act of cruelty as that which they were bent on. The soldiers placed themselves by the side of their young commander, and favoured by the narrowness of the passage leading to the cell of the ladies, which only permitted the approach of a few of their assailants at a time, they kept them at bay for two hours, at the end of which time they were relieved by a strong detachment of troops, who soon dispersed the mob.

Pierre received three severe wounds in the affray; and when the mob was beaten off, he lay weltering in his blood, unable to move. His wounds were bound up, and he was carried to an hospital. In half an hour after, the news of Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo arrived; the ladies were immediately released, and borne in triumph to the castle. The followers of Napoleon, who had in any way distinguished themselves during the hundred days, were then hunted from place to place like wild beasts. Pierre was immediately marked out; and although his wounds were not yet healed, he was sent to prison, and was soon after sentenced to death. Marguerite and Claire, hearing what had befallen their gallant defender, went directly to the place where he was confined. When they arrived, they found him quite delirious, from a high fever which had been brought on by the neglect of his wounds, and the sorrow he felt for the fate of his master. He kissed from time to time a star of the Legion of Honour, which Napoleon him-

self had given him under the walls of Dresden, and spoke in raptures of the Emperor and the grand army, as he related, in glowing language, their astonishing exploits. The ladies, finding that the fever did not abate, left the prison; the next day they returned, and found him fast asleep, wrapped up in his war cloak: the fever had left him, and he was as pale as death. When he awoke, he was surprised to find two ladies by his side: he bowed politely to them, and as his eyes met those of Claire, he coloured slightly. Marguerite inquired kindly after his health, and spoke to him of his release.

"There is no hope for me," said he, gloomily.

"You are not sure of that," said Marguerite. "Do you think we have forgotten the man who so generously defended us, at the risk even of his own life? The King has granted me the power to save the life of any one of those who are now in this prison under the sentence of death. I need not tell you for whose sake I have solicited this favour. You have only to put your name at the bottom of this petition, and you will be free."

"My life," replied Pierre, "is now a burthen to me. If I were to accept your offer, my place ought to be by the side of my benefactor, on the desolate island to which they have exiled him. Yet there is one condition on which I would accept my life, but it would be idle to think of it—you would believe me mad—I, a soldier, of birth so obscure that I do not know even who or what my parents were. No, lady, I cannot accept your offer unless you accompany it with a gift still more precious—the hand of your niece."

Marguerite turned aside to conceal the disdain she felt at this proposal; and Claire fell on her knees, and besought her aunt to save the life of the young soldier. At this moment an officer presented himself, and told the prisoner that the hour of his execution had arrived.

"Madam," said Pierre, as he was about to follow the officer, "I hope you will pardon my ambition, and accept this silver cross. It is a strange present from a soldier; but I should like to place it in the hands of some one whom I esteem, for it belonged to my mother: it was found on me, when I was quite a child, by an old soldier, who saved me from being drowned in the Loire."

Marguerite took the cross, and, after looking at it attentively, she said, "Have you no recollection of your mother?"

"No, madam," replied Pierre; "I was separated from her at too early an age to remember her."

Marguerite approached him, and looked earnestly in his face. When she withdrew her gaze, she was seized with a fit of trembling which, for a few moments, deprived her of the power of utterance. After she had recovered a little, she took off Pierre's cravat, and having discovered a large red mark on his neck, she exclaimed, "Oh Heaven, 'tis my own son!" She then fell on his neck, and wept aloud. The officer again reminded Pierre that he was waiting for him. This intimation drew a loud shriek from Marguerite. She, however, soon recovered her self-possession, and displayed to the officer the order of the King. As soon as he had read it, he returned it to the lady, and retired, declaring that he had never in his life obeyed the orders of his sovereign with greater pleasure than he did on that occasion.

A few months after this, the friends and retainers of Marguerite were assembled to celebrate the nuptials of Pierre and Claire, and the old castle again became the scene of festivity and rejoicing.

The sorrow of Pierre for the fate of his master became less poignant after this event, though he always spoke of him in terms of admiration and respect, and the hostility of Marguerite and Claire to the usurper gradually diminished as they listened to the surprising adventures of Pierre, who always dwelt largely on the bright parts of the Emperor's character, and softened as much as possible the darker ones.

footed ladies" are as susceptible of what is termed "true love" as those of our own clime.

A CHINESE LOVE STORY.

"Chinese stories are full of examples of love that knows no limits. 'There is only one heaven,' said a forlorn maiden, when her parents upbraided her for spending her days in sorrowful libations of salt tears at the tomb of her lover, 'and he was that heaven to me!' The deep well and flowing stream have often borne a melancholy witness to the indissoluble nature of female affection. But the consecrated stories of Chinese antiquity will not, perhaps, furnish a more pleasing specimen of this sort of constancy than the following:—In one of the Dutch settlements among the islands of the Indian archipelago, a gentleman of high standing in the community lost a much-loved wife, which rendered home so melancholy to him, that he forsook it, and endeavoured to pass away the heavy hours of mourning among the solaces of kind friends. Among his acquaintances was the alderman of the Chinese ward, or kampong, who, with the true urbanity of his native country, invited the disconsolate husband to spend the evenings at his house in some of the social games for which China is so distinguished. The host, being childless, had adopted his niece, and had brought her up with all the tenderness and hopes of a fond parent; the visitor often saw the young lady on these occasions, and felt it no more than a matter of good breeding towards the foster-father to notice the object of his esteem. Words of civility were soon exchanged into terms of love, and an accidental acquaintance ripened into a well-founded friendship. As soon as the uncle found what had taken place, he forbade the continuance of these visits, feeling, perhaps, that if his niece and foster-child should marry a foreigner, his name would be put out, and his posterity cut off, or be merged in an alien stock. Difficulties, however, are often but the mere incentives to action; and so the lover forthwith sent a message by one of the young lady's female friends, in which he advised her to make her escape from the uncle's roof. She replied, that for the sake of him she was willing to make any sacrifice, but she dreaded a curse which her offended relatives might invoke upon her, and therefore she could not come. Here an effectual bar was placed in the

Literature.

Ten Thousand Things relating to China and the Chinese. By W. B. Langdon.

ANYTHING relating to "the celestial empire" is, at the present moment, eagerly sought after, consequently the "ten thousand things" held out for our inspection by Mr. Langdon immediately secured our attention. We perused them with much pleasure, and feel bound to admit that much useful information and pleasing food for digestion are to be found in the volume. To amuse our fair readers we will extract a story, from which it will be found that the hearts of the "little-

way of their union, and the uncle seemed to have gained his point without the possibility of miscarriage. But, alas for all his designs! Missy would neither eat bread nor drink water; and in this resolution she persisted till her friends saw only this alternative—a marriage with the foreigner or the grave, and as the least of the two evils, were compelled to choose the former. There was only one stipulation insisted on and gained by the uncle, which was this—that during the life of himself or the aunt the niece should not quit her foster-home. In compliance with this condition, the husband was obliged to take up his abode in a Chinese dwelling; and here it was that the writer of these remarks had first the pleasure of an interview. In one of our rides he kindly told me this little story of his courtship. At the conclusion of it, I was very anxious to know what sort of a companion he had found her; for, thought I, the ladies who are bred and brought up in such sequestered spots, where they have nothing to think of save the adornment of their own persons, or the little gossip of the neighbourhood, can never indulge a thought about anything beyond their own gratification; so I asked him if she took any interest in his enterprises. He answered, "Yes, the greatest; there is nothing that can give me either pleasure or pain which escapes her anxiety."

The Naval Club. By Mr. Barker.

THIS work reflects much credit on the Old Sailor. It consists of various tales illustrative of seafaring life, in which are deeply-stirring incidents, powerfully worked up and effectively told. "Retribution," a sketch of a piracy in the West Indies, is, though detailing the deeds of lawless men, a finished "yarn," and calculated to raise fear and horror, commiseration and sorrow, in the heart of every reader. The story of the loss of Nelson's old ship, the *Agamemnon*, is cleverly told; and when the crew is about to abandon her, the author bares the bosoms of the sailors, and words their feelings in a pathetic strain on taking a last look of the favourite ship of their old commodore. The short stories, as well as those that run over a number of pages, are alike clever. The West Indian scenes are particularly good. We shall confine our extracts to them:

A NEGRO PILOT.

"It was soon after daylight in the morning, that a small sailing-vessel, carrying a pilot's flag, was discovered close to us; and shortly afterwards a Negro came on board to conduct the sloop into the roads. The pilot was naked, except a piece of coarse linen round his loins; and I could not help feeling somewhat awkward at seeing one of my own species moving about in this state, with as much unconcern as if he had been completely dressed. He was a stout elderly man, firm in his step and independent in his manner, and full of life and humour: but judge of my surprise when I was told he was a slave. His first salutation was—'Ha, massa captain! how he do, eh? What news he bring from England? How him Billy Pitt and King George? Port a littly bit, boy.'

"The captain stumped towards him: but no sooner did the Negro hear the dot-and-go-one of the skipper's wooden pin, than he gazed more earnestly at him, and then burst out—'Ky, he Massa Haul, eh?' and holding out his hand—'Me happy for see you, Captain Haul; many long day since me hab de pleasure. Massa Death knock down one leg; t'other 'tan 'tiff, eh? Miss Nancy glad for see you once more; she hab old head now, and—'

"Old Haul-of-Haul seemed to be apprehensive that probably some of his peccadilloes were about to be exposed, and therefore stopped the Negro with—'Weel, Ben, ye're alive, I'm thinking; and now just place me in the auld spot, about twa cables length from the jetty, mon, and we'll crack of langayne after the anchor is gone.'

"'Crack, massa! what he call crack?' replied the Negro: but, catching sight of the purser, who was also an old acquaintance, he gave a significant look, and pointing towards him—'Ah, what hab crack dere, eh? How he do, Massa Purser?—steady littly bit, boy—no run the sloop in de bush. How he do, Massa Nipwig? Where de rum lib now?'

"The good-humoured, unembarrassed manner in which the naked Black addressed the officers, quite delighted me: he had a laugh and a joke for every one, and gave his directions for steering the sloop with all the air of an admiral; nor would he allow even the captain to interfere with his duties. It was certainly a

curious sight to see this unclothed being, without even a covering to his head, standing by the side of Old Haul-of-Haul, arrayed in his full uniform, with a huge regular three-cornered hat fiercely cocked over his left eye, and his hanger suspended to a broad black belt buckled round his waist. His ammunition-leg had received a more than usual polish of beeswax, and there he stood anticipating congratulations on his good fortune.

"It is customary, in conning a ship, for the man at the helm to reply to the commands of the pilot for the purpose of shewing that they are heard and understood; and in difficult navigation this is very essential for the prevention of mistakes. Old Haul, however, had been so accustomed at all times to work his own ship, that he considered no order could be properly executed except it came from himself; and on this account he kept repeating the directions of Ben, but which the latter, who looked upon it as an infringement of his dignity, did not seem to relish. The expression of his features was particularly comical, especially when the steersman responded to the order before the captain could give it utterance; and then he muttered to himself, 'Ky! he no catch 'em dere.'

"'Steady boy, hearee!' cried Ben, addressing the helmsman.

"'Steady!' went the captain, repeating the command.

"'Steady it is!' answered the helmsman.

"'Port a litty bit!' cried Ben.

"'Port a little!'

"'Port it is!' responded the man.

"This went on for some time, till Ben could bear it no longer. 'Starboard, boy!' cried Ben.

"'Starboard!' repeated the captain. Upon which the naked negro stepped up to Old Haul, and taking hold of the gold-laced lappet of his coat, exclaimed, with the utmost gravity—'Tan, Massa, and you please, let one gentleman peak at a time.'

A VIEW OF WEST INDIAN SOCIETY.

"The case stands thus, sir: in former times intimacies between the female slaves and their owners originated a race of Creoles or coloured people, who, capable of enduring all the effects of this infernal climate, are yet softened in the barbarism of their natures by the mixture of European blood in their veins. There

is a great deal in blood, sir—gentle blood, depend upon it. Now, no white man possessing ten grains of common sense would bring a wife with him to the West Indies; for what would she be?—a perpetual burden, which no art could lighten—unfit for all the duties which a female station requires—a helpless being, that would require other hands than her own to dress and sustain her. Mind, young gentleman, do not mistake me; it is the climate that does all this, and therefore is the misfortune of the lady, and not her fault.'

"'But surely this is not always the case,' said I, my thoughts reverting to Mrs. Herbert. 'I think I know one European female in this colony who merits a better opinion: there is the wife of Major Herbert, for instance.'

"'There is no rule without an exception, young gentleman,' returned he, 'Mrs. Herbert is the exception to the rule. But what has her life been?—that which would have made any other heart but the major's ache. She has conquered all her miseries, because she has outlived them; but rely upon it, in nine cases out of ten, my picture is correct. European females are wholly unfit for this cursed country; their sensibilities dwindle into affectation, their delicacy is deadened and destroyed by the constant spectacle of men and women appearing in a state bordering upon nudity, and the baneful effects of climate render them utterly incapable of self-assistance, so that a husband is compelled to procure and maintain additional servants solely for the purpose of waiting on his wife. The settlers found that out in time, and came over unmarried; but as female society is desirable, and in cases of sickness absolutely requisite, the coloured women are resorted to, who undertake all the duties of a wife, but bearing only the title of housekeeper, for the negro taint is an insuperable bar to matrimony; nor is the woman who thus superintends his family arrangements allowed even to sit down in the presence of her master or his guests, and their children are involved in the same degradation. Should sickness come, the coloured woman is the kind, attentive nurse; in household affairs, she is the careful manager; as superintendent of the Negroes, she is well-acquainted with their habits and their wants; and the white man has nothing to wish for but

that polish which is given by the acquirements of education; nor is this at all times wanted, for many of the coloured women are fit society for the superior class of English ladies. Now, as a natural consequence of all this, a vast deal of property in this and other colonies will descend to the coloured generation; and whether they will continue subjects of Great Britain or not, remains to be seen. One thing, however, to my view, is certain—that they never will consent to remain a sort of outcast race, as they are looked upon at present. If they are sent to England to be educated, (and many of the coloured young men have been entered at our Universities,) they are treated as gentlemen, and admitted into the best society; but when they return to the West Indies, they also return to their former position of compulsory debasement. This is a strange anomaly, yet 'tis nevertheless the fact."

Miscellaneous.

A CURIOUS CHARACTER.

"The next day, as I had just sat down to my 'sopa,' my hostess informed me that a man wished to speak to me. 'Admit him,' said I, and he almost instantly made his appearance. He was dressed respectably in the French fashion, and had rather a juvenile look, though I subsequently learned that he was considerably above forty. He was somewhat above the middle stature, and might have been called well made, had it not been for his meagreness, which was rather remarkable. His arms were long and bony, and his whole form conveyed an idea of great activity united with no slight degree of strength: his hair was wiry, but of jetty blackness; his forehead low; his eyes small and grey, expressive of much subtlety and no less malice, strangely relieved by a strong dash of humour; the nose was handsome, but the mouth was immensely wide, and his under jaw projected considerably. A more singular physiognomy I had never seen, and I continued staring at him for some time in silence. 'Who are you?' I at last demanded. 'Domestic, in search of a master,' answered the man, in good French, but in a strange accent. 'I come recommended to you, mi Lor, by Monsieur B.'—*Myself*. Of what nation may you

be? Are you French or Spanish?—*Man*. God forbid that I should be either, mi Lor, j'ai l'honneur d'être de la nation Grecque, my name is Antonio Buchini, native of Pera the Belle, near to Constantinople.—*Myself*. And what brought you to Spain?—*Buchini*. Mi Lor, je vais vous raconter mon histoire du commencement jusqu'ici: my father was a native of Sceira in Greece, from whence, at an early age, he repaired to Pera, where he served as janitor in the hotels of various ambassadors, by whom he was much respected for his fidelity. Amongst others of these gentlemen, he served him of your own nation: this occurred at the time that there was war between England and the Porte. Monsieur the ambassador had to escape for his life, leaving the greater part of his valuables to the care of my father, who concealed them at his own great risk, and when the dispute was settled, restored them to Monsieur, even to the most inconsiderable trinket. I mention this circumstance to shew you that I am of a family which cherishes principles of honour, and in which confidence may be placed. My father married a daughter of Pera, et moi je suis l'unique fruit de ce mariage. Of my mother I know nothing, as she died shortly after my birth. A family of wealthy Jews took pity on my forlorn condition, and offered to bring me up, to which my father gladly consented; and with them I continued several years, until I was a *beau garçon*; they were very fond of me, and at last offered to adopt me, and at their death to bequeath me all they had, on condition of my becoming a Jew. But I am a Greek, am proud, and have principles of honour. I quitted them, therefore, saying that if ever I allowed myself to be converted, it should be to the faith of the Turks, for they are men, are proud, and have principles of honour like myself. I then returned to my father, who procured me various situations, none of which were to my liking, until I was placed in the house of Monsieur Zea.—*Myself*. You mean, I suppose, Zea Bermudez, who chanced to be at Constantinople. * * I shall not follow the Greek step by step throughout his history, which was rather lengthy: suffice it to say, that he was brought by Zea Bermudez from Constantinople to Spain, where he continued in his service for many years, and from whose house he was expelled for marry-

ing a Guipuscoan damsel, who was fille de chambre to Madame Zea; since which time it appeared that he had served an infinity of masters; sometimes as valet, sometimes as cook, but generally in the last capacity. He confessed, however, that he had seldom continued more than three days in the same service, on account of the disputes which were sure to arise in the house almost immediately after his admission, and for which he could assign no other reason than his being a Greek, and having principles of honour. Amongst other persons whom he had served was General Cordova, who he said was a bad paymaster, and was in the habit of maltreating his domestics. 'But he found his match in me,' said Antonio, 'for I was prepared for him; and once, when he drew his sword against me, I pulled out a pistol and pointed it in his face. He grew pale as death, and from that hour treated me with all kinds of condescension. It was only pretence, however, for the affair rankled in his mind; he had determined upon revenge, and on being appointed to the command of the army, he was particularly anxious that I should attend him to the camp. Mais je lui ris au nez, made the sign of the cortamanga—asked for my wages, and left him; and well it was that I did so, for the very domestic whom he took with him he caused to be shot, on a charge of mutiny.' 'I am afraid,' said I, 'that you are of a turbulent disposition, and that the disputes to which you have alluded are solely to be attributed to the badness of your temper.' 'What would you have, Monsieur? Moi, je suis Grec; je suis fier, et j'ai des principes d'honneur. I expect to be treated with a certain consideration, though I confess that my temper is none of the best, and that at times I am tempted to quarrel with the pots and pans in the kitchen. I think, upon the whole, that it will be for your advantage to engage me, and I promise you to be on my guard. There is one thing that pleases me relating to you; you are unmarried. Now, I would rather serve a young unmarried man for love and friendship than a Benedict for fifty dollars per month. Madame is sure to hate me, and so is her waiting woman; and more particularly the latter, because I am a married man. I see that mi Lor is willing to engage me.' * * I asked him his terms, which were extravagant, notwithstanding his *principes d'honneur*. I found,

however, that he was willing to take one half. I had no sooner engaged him, than seizing the tureen of soup, which had by this time become quite cold, he placed it on the top of his fore finger, or rather on the nail thereof, causing it to make various circumvolutions over his head, to my great astonishment, without spilling a drop, then springing with it to the door, he vanished, and in another moment made his appearance with the puchera, which, after a similar bound and flourish, he deposited on the table; then suffering his hands to sink before him, he put one over the other and stood at his ease with half-shut eyes, for all the world as if he had been in my service twenty years. And in this manner Antonio Buchini entered upon his duties."—*Bible in Spain*.

READERS OF THE MIDDLE CLASS IN GERMANY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the large libraries to be found in the large cities and university towns of Germany, and the liberality with which they are opened to the public use, yet in other towns the subscription libraries are generally very inferior to what we have now in our provincial towns, and therefore the facilities for substantial reading amongst the mass of citizens are less. This amongst the lesser tradesmen and mechanics applies with still greater force. The artisan has his library in most English towns, and now makes great use of it. He reads and discusses every point of politics, and acquires thereby a vivacity and activity of mind very striking when compared with his peer in other countries. Thus, in the burgher class in Germany, though we should perhaps find more who would read Schiller and Goethe than of the same class in England who would read Milton and Shakspeare, yet in the Englishman, with a less intellectuality of taste, a far greater mass of political knowledge and vigorous adaptability of mind exists. A survey of the libraries from which the shopkeeping class in England and in Germany derive their respective books would shew a curious contrast. The Englishman of this class has evinced a growing disposition to become a member of a subscription library, even if it were only of the artisan's library. In either of these he reads more and more of travels, of history, of the best fictions, and works of a miscellaneous

character; and he has of late years bought largely of the very cheap reprints of our standard authors, which have been so extensively circulated. Here, the lower we go, the wider becomes the difference between the spread of general information in the two countries. In both, the common circulating library, to use a country phrase, is pretty much of a muchness. It abounds with the worst of trash; but while to the lower class of tradesmen and artisans in England the subscription libraries furnish a large and rational resource, in German towns the circulating library is too much left to be the resource of the lower burgher and mechanic. And what a world of wild and horrific matter is that! With a thin sprinkling of the best authors, Schiller, Goethe, Richter, Herder, &c., what bombastic and horror-breathing titles meet us on all sides! "The Wandering Spirit;" "The Enchanted Dagger;" "The Blood-red Death-torch;" "The Subterranean Blood-doom of Barcelona;" "Drahomeia, with the Serpent-ring, or Nightly Wanderings in the Dungeon of Horror, at Karlstein, near Prague;" "The Ghostly Mother of the Rock of Gutenstein;" "The Flammen-ritter, or the Death-dance in the Wienerwald;" "The Prophetic Dream-shape;" "The Bandit from Honour, and Misanthrope;" "Rauhenstein, or the Blood-bath in the Hellenen-Thal, near Baden," &c. &c.—*Howitt's Germany*.

MRS. CHALENOR.

It is only a few short weeks ago that we paid a gentle tribute to a gentle mind, in noticing a little volume of poems by Mrs. Chalenor, whose amiable nature and feelings, as displayed in her writings, interested us much. We lament to say that our praise was wasted on

"the dull, cold ear of death."

She died on the Tuesday previous to our Saturday publication (see *Lit. Gaz.*, No. 1362, p. 859). Of Mrs. Chalenor we have learnt, that, being the eldest girl of a large family, in humble, though respectable, life, she was principally employed in the household work, and nursing the younger children. Her father taught her and them writing and arithmetic in the morning, before going to business; and it was a check given to her copying some Valentines, at sixteen years of age, which gave the first impulse

to her desire to write original verse. At the age of twenty-two she married, and had been four years a widow when she died, Dec. 13th, at the age of thirty-seven, leaving three orphan children to deplore the loss of a mother, who, under more kindly and fostering circumstances, might have shone in a brighter sphere. The annexed lines, written in the excessive suffering of a death-bed, not three weeks from the end of all on earth (Nov. 25th), are to us deeply affecting, as not only shewing how strong the ruling passion must have been, but how noble and sanctifying its direction:

Oh, God Almighty! teach my mind
To meet thy wishes, all resign'd,
And let no murmuring sigh
Rebellious rise against thy will:
Teach me to bear affliction still,
Or teach me how to die.

How many a fair and lovely thing
Dwells on this earth to which we cling,
And binds our mortal part;
Friends whom we love—hopes that we prize,
Endear'd by sweet and kindred ties,
That twine around the heart!

Yet still the flowers that bloom so fair
In this bright world are touch'd by care,
That we may look above,
And strive by hope and faith to gain
A respite from our earthly pain,
Beneath thy sheltering love.

Nov. 25, 1842.

MARY CHALENOR.

Well might we write a homily on this theme—the poetry, the aspirations, the yearnings, the elevated sentiments, the faith, and the hope, of a lowly shop-keeper. But we will leave reflections to those who feel; and conclude by a stanza added to the above (Dec. 27th), by Sarah Reader, the sister of the deceased, which shews that literature and poetry is a family inheritance:

Mute are the lips that breathed that prayer;
The spirit, freed from grief and care,
Has found eternal rest;
The Power which gave that being life
Recalls it from this world of strife
To regions of the blest.

Literary Gazette.

EFFECTS OF DRESS.

THIS morning, at the usual breakfast hour, I left the "vestry" for the house. On the way thither I was met by the major-domo, who, I observed, was very polite indeed—unusually so. He took my hand and led me into the dwelling, where the best hammock was opened for

my reception. I sat down and took a swing. Presently the lady of the mansion, who had arrived "by coach" the previous evening, made her appearance, dropping me one of her sweetest courtesies, and passed out at another door. The children all followed in slow procession, giving me a similar salutation, until, eventually, I was left alone in silent astonishment. During this ceremony the Indians were peeping in at the doors, apparently awaiting their turn; and, sure enough, it came. They approached in single file, to the number of some thirty, and, as they marched past, partially knelt, and made all sorts of obeisances, which were acknowledged with as much form as my inexperienced greatness could command. I was lost in amazement. I began to survey the room in search of a mirror, to see what change had taken place in my person; and the fact stared me in the face. It was my black suit that I had put on in the morning, (not being on fatigue duty to-day,) that had given this first impression of my importance—having heretofore only appeared in my working guise before them. In my future rambles, I shall benefit by my experience in this little affair; and would recommend it to the careful consideration of all who may hereafter travel in these parts. After breakfast I stepped aside, and examined the coat more particularly, to ascertain how long its newly discovered virtues might be expected to abide with it. I was delighted to find that it would probably supply me with all the dignity I should require during my residence in the country.—*Norman's Rambles in Yucatan.*

A HINT TO GARDEN OWNERS.

So long as the fruit is green, it possesses to a certain extent the physiological action of a leaf, and decomposes carbonic acid under the influence of light; but as soon as it begins to ripen, this action ceases, and the fruit is wholly nourished by the sap elaborated by the leaves. Thus the fruit has, in common with the leaves, the power of elaborating sap, and also the power of attracting sap from the surrounding parts. Hence we see, that where a number of fruits are growing together, one or more of them attract the sap or nutriment from all the rest, which in consequence drop off. As the food of the fruit is prepared by the leaves under

the influence of solar light, it follows that the excellence of the fruit will depend chiefly on the excellence of the leaves; and that if the latter are not sufficiently developed, or not duly exposed to the action of the sun's rays, or placed at too great a distance from the fruit, the latter will be diminutive in size, and imperfectly ripened, or may drop off before attaining maturity. Hence the inferiority of fruits which grow on naked branches, or even on branches where there is not a leaf close to the fruit; as in the case of a bunch of grapes, where the leaf immediately above it has been cut off, or in that of a gooseberry, where the leaf immediately above it has been eaten by a caterpillar. Hence it is evident, that the secretions formed by the fruit are principally derived from the matter elaborated in the leaf or leaves next to it; and as the sap of all the leaves is more or less abundant, according to the supply received from the roots, the excellence of fruits depends ultimately on the condition of the roots, and the condition, position, and exposition of the leaves.—*Loudon's Suburban Horticulturist.*

The Gaiety.

Une Nuit de Fête, as danced at Vauxhall.—First lady and gentleman enter supper box.—Second lady and gentleman advance and join them.—Waiter advances and retires.—The two couple set to at the cold ham.—Round of Punch.—First gentleman poussettes with the waiter, and then retires altogether.—Two ladies get alarmed, and dance off.—Second gentleman has to pay.—Right and left between the waiter and second gentleman.—Second gentleman performs *cavalier seul* in *La Pastorale*, in Battersea fields, forgetting his way home.

Poverty.—Poverty is a great evil in any state of life; but poverty is never felt so severely as by those who have, to use a common phrase, "seen better days." The poverty of the poor is misery, but it is endurable misery: it can bear the sight of men. The poverty of the whilom affluent is unendurable: it avoids the light of day, and shuns the sympathy of those who would relieve it; it preys upon the heart, and corrodes the mind; it screws up every nerve to such an extremity of tension, that one cool look, the averted eye even of a casual acquaintance known in prosperity, snaps the chord at once,

and leaves the self-despised object of it a mere wreck of a man. If he is not a maniac, or does not commit suicide, it is owing to "the faith that is in him."—*College Life.*

Pioneers.—Their peculiarity of taste has done much to expedite the rapid settlement of the wilds. They purchase a lot or two of "government lands;" build a log house, fence a dozen acres or so, plough half of them, girdle the trees, and then sell out to a new comer,—one whose less resolute spirit has perhaps quailed a little before the difficulties of the untouched forest. The pioneer is then ready for a new purchase, a new clearing, and a new sale. How his wife and children enjoy themselves meanwhile is matter of little doubt: but this is a trifle for the present; the future—the bright, far-ahead, vague, western future,—is to make up for all. The eager adventurer, unscared by difficulty, undiscouraged by disappointment, still "chases airy good," contenting himself with mere existence *en attendant*, forgetting that only to-day is his own.—*Forest Life.*

"Old Mortality."—The only occupation of the old man was wandering about the country, repairing the tomb-stones of the Covenanters, travelling from one church-yard to another, mounted on his old white pony, till he was found dead one day by the road side. His family experienced a singular variety of fortune. One of his sons went to America, and settled at Baltimore, where he made a large fortune. He had a son who married an American lady, and the latter out-living her husband, became Marchioness of Wellesley! His daughter was married to Jerome Bonaparte, and after her separation from him, wedded Monsieur Serruier, the French Consul at Baltimore. What would Old Mortality have said, as he pored among the neglected grave-stones in Scotland, had he foreseen that the widow of his grandson was to become an English Marchioness, sister-in-law to the Duke of Wellington, and his grand-daughter Queen of Westphalia and sister-in-law of Napoleon!—*Inverness Courier.*

Origin of the Black Doll.—A Sign at Rag-shops.—This sign originated with a person who kept a shop for toys and rags in Norton Folgate, about eighty years ago. An old woman brought him a

large bundle for sale, but desired it might remain unopened till she called again to see it weighed. Several weeks elapsed without her appearing, which induced the master of the shop to open the bundle, when he found a black doll, neatly dressed, with a pair of gold earrings appended. This he hung up over the door, for the purpose of being owned by the woman who left it. Shortly after this, she called, and presented the doll to the shopkeeper, as a mark of gratitude for his having by this means enabled her to find out her bundle. The story having gained circulation, this figure has been generally used by dealers in rags ever since.

Turn about's fair play.—At Walton, near Chesterfield, the other day, as a farmer was in the act of devouring an apple-pudding, made by the servant-maid, he suddenly discovered that he had something in his mouth more difficult of mastication than boiled apple: it turned out to be the head of a mouse, which had been boiled with the pudding. The girl, for her mischievous propensities, was chastised with the end of a rope. On the following day, the master went to his dinner, as usual, and asked what she had cooked? She told him "to look in the pot." He did so, and saw nothing but the rope's end! "I had it for dinner yesterday," said the girl, "and it's only fair you should have it to-day."

A "fortunately simple process."—To destroy worms is fortunately a very simple process; for such is the tenderness of their skin, that watering them with any caustic or bitter liquid deprives them of life in a few minutes. The cheapest caustic liquid is lime-water; which is made by dissolving quicklime, at the rate of half a pound of lime to twelve pints of water, and letting it stand a few minutes to clear. Before pouring it on the soil from a watering-pot with a rose on, the worm-casts ought to be removed; and the effects of the water will soon become obvious, by the worms rising to the surface, writhing about there, and in a few minutes dying. To hasten their death, some more lime-water should be poured on them after they come to the surface.

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